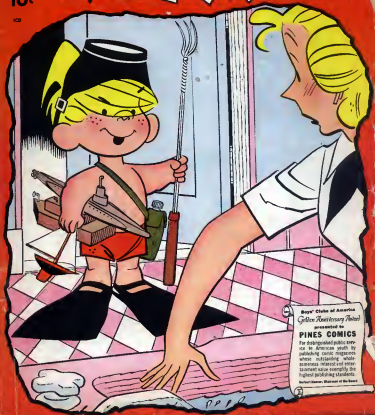


Dennis The MENACE



10c



Boys' Club of America
Golden Anniversary Special
presented by
PINES COMICS

For distinguished public service to American youth by publishing comic magazines whose outstanding wholesome interest and entertainment value exemplify the highest publishing standards.

Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Chairman of the Board

Dennis THE MENACE



"WOULDN'T THIS BE A GOOD PLACE FOR A PICTURE WINDOW, DAD?"



"AND THE NICE PART ABOUT IT IS, DENNIS DOESN'T KNOW HIS BEING FUNNY."



"I'VE NEVER SEEN DENNIS SO CHEERFULL. DO YOU SUPPOSE HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING WITH US?"



"PISSET! YOU WANNA SEE THE HILARIOUS NEW TRUCK?"

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Good Knight Dennis...



Why does he always have to put in his two-cents worth?

TWO CENTS?

I put a whole **NICKLE** in the plate!

All right...all right! Let's go home!



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY A COMIC MAGAZINE.
IT GUARANTEES QUALITY AND WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT.



It certainly is a nice day to walk.

It's a nicer day to **RUN!**



LAST ONE HOME'S A SCRAMBLED EGG!

DENNIS! WAIT FOR US!!



Good morning Mrs. Wilson... George!

Why... good morning!

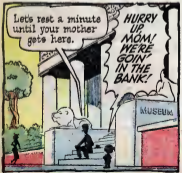
The kid's still got him on the run!

?



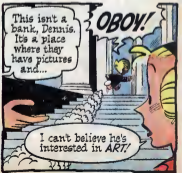
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

IN THE BANK! I NEED SOME MONEY FOR A ICE CREAM CONE!



Let's rest a minute until your mother gets here.

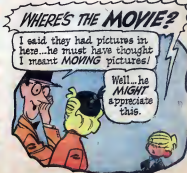
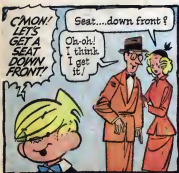
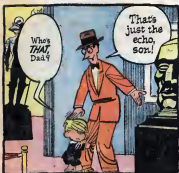
HURRY UP MOM! WE'RE GOIN' IN THE BANK!



This isn't a bank, Dennis. It's a place where they have pictures and...

OBOY!

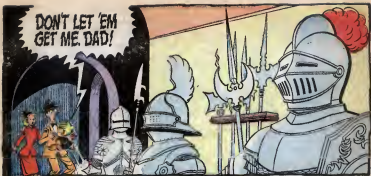
I can't believe he's interested in ART!







DON'T LET 'EM
GET ME, DAD!



Hah, heh! These are
just suits of armor
that soldiers used to
wear. There aren't
any guards in them!

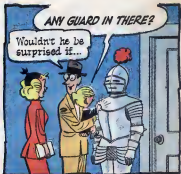
You
SURE?

Of course, Dennis!



ANY GUARD IN THERE?

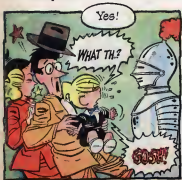
Wouldn't he be
surprised if...



Yes!

WHAT TH?

GOSH!



Yes? Something I can do for you f. lks?

No thanks!
You've already
done it!

Hi,
Mister
Guard!



We're just a little tired, that's all!

HERE'S MORE SOLDIER SUITS!

Let's not stop here, Andrew. I'm afraid of these things.

Afraid? Of some old armor?

Yes... I always think there might be some one **HIDING** in them!

Oh, nonsense! You'll have to get over that!

Anybody home? Hsh, hek!

ANDREW! DON'T!

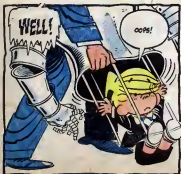
See how silly you're being?

I don't care! Let's....

STICK EM UP!

HELP!





I'm sorry...it was my fault...I thought...

Want me to hold your glasses, Dad?



NO! AND DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING ELSE HERE... UNDERSTAND?

I understand, Madame. I have three grandchildren.



OKAY! OKAY!

He won't touch anything else, now.

Good! I'll just get a man to put this together...



WHAT THE...!

PUNK! CLANG BONG! BOING! CLANK! POING! PLINK! PLONK!

I didn't touch nothin' but my slingshot, Dad.

All right... give it to me!



The idea...taking a slingshot to church!

Er...good afternoon!

Gosh, you never know when we might be attacked!



GOOD BYE!



HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MARGARET!



Oh, Tommy!
This soap smells
BEAUTIFUL!

SOAP?

It was
my *MOM'S*
idea.. not
MINE!



And
what's
THIS,
Dennis?

WAIT A MINUTE!
Don't I get some
ice cream 'n cake?



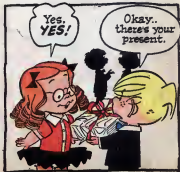
OF COURSE!

An' root
beer 'n
peanuts
'n potato
chips?



Yes.
YES!

Okay..
there's your
present.



Oh, I'll bet it's a dress!

Don't bet!



EEK!

Keen, huh?



DENNIS!
GET THOSE
HORRID THINGS
OUT OF HERE!

It took me
all morning
to catch 'em
for ya!



You guys'll
have to wait
outside.



Everyone choose
partners!

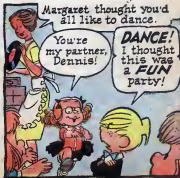
We gonna
play games?



Margaret thought you'd
all like to dance.

You're
my partner,
Dennis!

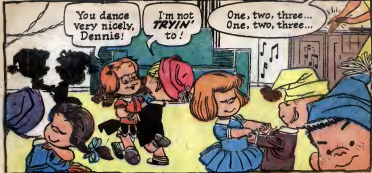
DANCE!
I thought
this was
a **FUN**
party!



You dance
very nicely,
Dennis!

I'm not
TRYIN'
to!

One, two, three...
One, two, three...



May I?

Huh?

He wants
to cut in,
Dennis.



If you **TAG** somebody,
then you can dance with
his partner.

TAG?
THAT'S the
game I like!



TAG! YOU'RE IT!

MISSED
ME!

I GOTCHA!

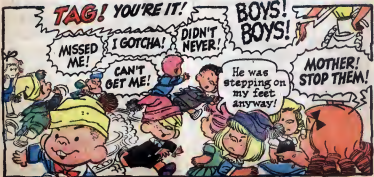
DIDN'T
NEVER!

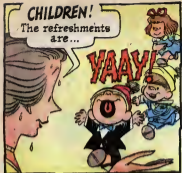
**BOYS!
BOYS!**

CAN'T
GET ME!

He was
stepping on
my feet
anyway!

**MOTHER!
STOP THEM!**





Here are your ice cream cones, children.



Let's play GAMES!

I KNOW!
Let's play spin the bottle!



HUH?
What's that?

ATTABOY,
DENNIS!

Nothin' to
this game!

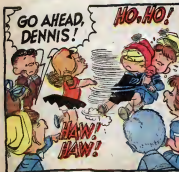


It's pointing at
ME, Dennis! You've
got to *KISS* me!



GO AHEAD,
DENNIS!

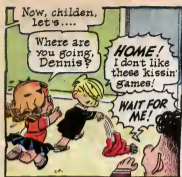
HO, HO!



HAW!
HAW!

SMIRSH!





TROUBLED WATERS

LITTLE JEFF DAVIS had always loved the sea for as long as he could remember, but he had never once seen it. He lived on a big wheat farm in the Northwest with his folks and it seemed that the closest he would ever get to the sea was Bear River, really just a creek, which ran through the farm. Some day, though, he was going to be a sailor and go over all the oceans of the world.

"Gosh, Dad, I wish you were in the Navy during the war," he often said to his father. "Then you could tell me all about the ships you were on and the places you saw and how it was."

His father would look at him, half smiling, half serious. "The only sailing I ever did was around this farm on the tractor," he reminded Jeff. "I couldn't get in the service. The country needed food to fight the war, you know. But if

I could have, I'd have chosen the Army. And I wish you'd forget this sailor business, Jeff. This farm will be yours some day and I want you to learn all you can about it."

Jeff tried to do what his father wanted. He helped with all the chores, but all the time he was thinking about boats and ships. He made all kinds of toy boats and sailed them in the creek, pretending they were his fleet and he was the admiral. Best of all, he had his own "ship" that he had built himself. It was a real ship, he told himself, big enough to sail the ocean!

Actually, his "ship" was just a raft, but it was well built from every old board and fence post his father discarded, strongly lashed together with rope. Jeff was the captain and the whole crew, because he was the only one who knew about it. It was tied to a willow tree in a small hidden cove of the creek. The cove was just big enough to hold the raft and it couldn't even fit into the creek. But Jeff had fun pretending that some day he would float down Bear River in his ship to the sea.

Evenings, when Jeff was finished with his homework, he would read every book he could find on ships and sailing. His father, reading the farm journals, would glance at him now and then, disapproving but not wanting to forbid Jeff to do what interested him so much.

After the harvest was in, the autumn rains began, and Jeff had even more time to read about the sea, because there was little farming to be done in the wet weather. It rained so much that some days the school bus got stuck in the mud and had to be pulled out with a tractor.

Almost every day, Jeff would walk through the rain down to the creek to see his "ship" tied up in the cove. Each time he noticed the creek was rising higher, getting wider, until each it would be big enough to carry the raft. Jeff wished he were Huckleberry Finn, so he could sail down the river to the cities he had never seen, maybe right to the ocean!

The more it rained, the happier Jeff became with this idea, but his father grew very



thoughtful. He listened to every news broadcast about the weather and finally Jeff understood. They were getting too much rain.

"All this rain won't hurt the farm, will it, Dad?"

"The rain is all right," his father said. "It will be good for next spring's crops. What I'm worried about is the river."

"Bear River?" Jeff asked. "Our little old creek? That couldn't hurt anybody!"

"It did years ago, before you were born," his father said grimly. "This whole area was flooded, lots of stock lost, even a few people!"

"Now, Steve," his mother said. "There's no reason to alarm Jeff. They've built up the levees upstream a lot since the big flood."

Then Jeff realized that the fun he imagined the river would be was actually a terrible threat to them. Now the water lay in fields like huge lakes; all cars and trucks were stalled and Jeff could hear his mother and father talking after he went to bed, trying to decide if they should leave the farm. But his mother's talk about how big the levees upstream were and his father's reluctance to leave the farm he loved, made them stay on, hoping the rains would end.

Then, one night, it happened. Jeff sat up in bed, startled. The house was creaking and groaning, as if in a gale, but there was no wind outside. Jeff ran to the window and looked out into the pouring rain. The kitchen light went on, and he saw the light reflected on water, rushing water! The levees upstream had broken, and the full force of the flood was pushing at the house, threatening to float it away!

His father and mother, fully dressed, rushed into his room. "Get dressed!" his father commanded. "Hurry! We have to get out of here, up to higher ground!"

Jeff fairly leaped into his clothes, and the three of them hurried from the house. They stepped off the front porch, and the swirling water was up to Jeff's waist!

"We'll never make it!" his mother cried. "We've got to!" his father said. "It's our only chance!"

"No it isn't, Dad!" Jeff said excitedly. "We can take my ship! We can float down to the nearest town and . . ."

"This is no time to think about playing with toy boats!" his father said harshly. "We're in danger. Don't you understand?"

"This isn't a toy. It's a raft!" Jeff told him. "It's tied up down at the creek and it's big enough for the three of us!"

"What?" His father stared at him a moment. Then he said, "All right, let's try it. Come on!"

Wading through the muddy water, they reached the stream, no longer a peaceful little creek but a raging torrent. The willow trees were half buried in the water, but still tied to one of them was the raft.

They climbed aboard, Jeff's father whipped out his knife, cut the rope, and the raft leaped into the flood. Jeff unlashed the steering oar he had whittled out of an old plank, put it in the slot at the stern, and straightened out the raft. Then it sailed straight down the stream, riding high and dry above the swift water.

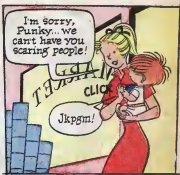
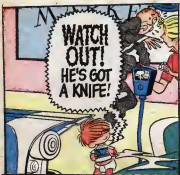
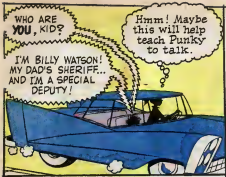
Jeff's father looked at his mother, then at Jeff, standing like a young captain at the steering oar. "There's something to your interest in the sea, after all," he said quietly. "I still hope you take to farming, but if you ever do become a sailor, you're going to be one of the best!"

And as Jeff guided the raft toward the welcoming lights of town below, his heart swelled with pride at his ship, the first, he was sure, of many he would sail on the seven seas.



PUNKY





One of these...
two of these....

Hurry up,
young man!
I haven't
got all day!

Yes, Ma'am!
Yess, I'm new
here, and....



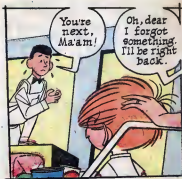
That was quick
wasn't it? Now we'll go
home and you can listen
to your radio some more.

Koo!mf!



You're
next,
Ma'am!

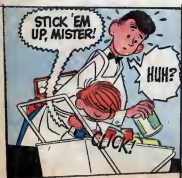
Oh, dear
I forgot
something.
I'll be right
back.



STICK 'EM
UP, MISTER!

HUH?

CLICK!



YES, I'M
JUST A LITTLE
BOY, BUT MY DAD
OVER THERE HAS
A GUN ON
YOU!

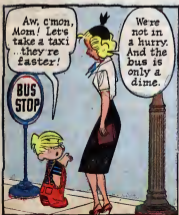
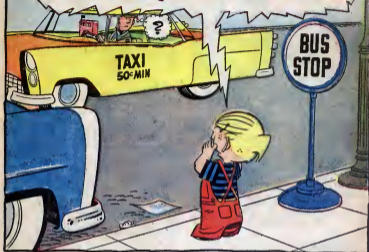
WHAAA?

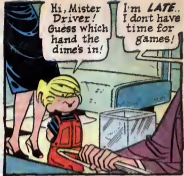


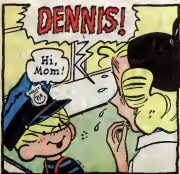




HEY, TAXI!









**HEY! STOP!
HALT!**



WHOA, THERE!

WHAAA?



What did I do, officer?

SOMEBODY in your bus grabbed my cap!

..Er... here it is, driver.



Uh... is **THIS** yours?

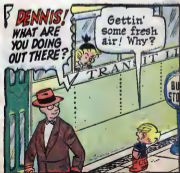
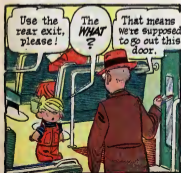
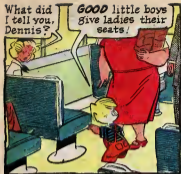
Whose do you **THINK** it is... the **HORSE'S**? Okay, **GIDDAP!** Er... **TAKE OFF!**



Now sit still! And **TRY** to be good!

One thing at a time, **MOM!**

BROTHER! **THIS ISN'T MY DAY!**





WHY? Because your **SUPPOSED** to stay with **ME!**

Okay, **OKAY!**



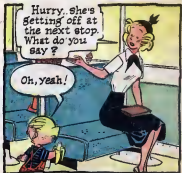
Hi, Mieter Driver!

Oh, **NO!** Not **TWO** of you! Not **TWINS!**



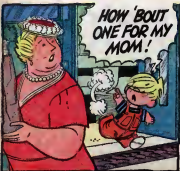
Thanks for the seat, little boy..here's a banana for you.

What do you say, Dennis?



Hurry..she's getting off at the next stop. What do you say?

Oh, yeah!



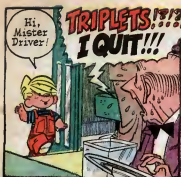
HOW 'BOUT ONE FOR MY MOM!



That's really nice of you to think of your mother!

She's the best 'mother I got!

DENNIS! Will you **PLEASE** come back in here?





Across

1. Time off from work or school
8. Sight-seeing trips
9. First name of St. Nick
10. Nickname for Evelyn
11. Piece of metal money
13. Left from burning
14. Nearby

Down

2. American Travel Assn. (abbr.)
3. Kind of shell
4. Highway vehicle
5. Railway vehicle
6. East's
7. Not over
9. Ocean
12. Northeast (abbr.)

V	A	C	A	T	I	O	N
E		S		T	O	U	R
V	E		A		T		S
E			N		C	O	I
R					N		E
A							

You can be proud
of the PINES COMICS
you enjoy reading!

Boys' Clubs of America

Special Award
for Meritorious Service to Youth

Ned L. Pines-

President, Pines Comics

His leadership in setting high standards in the field of comic magazines has long been recognized by those concerned with children and young people.

His continued maintenance of those standards through this medium has been a source of inspiration to all our citizens who believe in emphasizing wholesome adventure and fun for the wide audience attracted to these publications.

His consistent development of comic magazines of good quality is especially noteworthy in this field of mass communication.

*Robert L. Pines
John W. Pines*



1947-1948

For the second consecutive year, Boys' Clubs of America has conferred on PINES COMICS a "Special Award for Meritorious Service to Youth."

It is with the deepest pride that we acknowledge this tribute from one of the world's largest, most highly esteemed youth organizations, with over half a million members. Never, throughout its fifty-one years

of outstanding service to the community, has Boys' Clubs of America accorded such honors to any other publishing company—except PINES COMICS!

This unique recognition is further proof that PINES COMICS exemplify the highest standards of wholesomeness and entertainment in comics!



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